

1912

1912 Kooltuo

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KOOLTUO

A BOOK PUBLISHED ANNUALLY
BY THE JUNIOR CLASS OF THE
WASHINGTON STATE NORMAL
AT ELLENSBURG, WASHINGTON

VOLUME VI

The Optimistic Number of the Kooltuo

Dedicated to

Edward J. Klemme

"The Pessimist all Steeped in Woe

Sits down and Mourns

Because no Fragrant Rose can Blow

Without its Thorns

The Optimist Shouts Gleeefully

Because He Knows

That where the Thorns are Growing

He May Find---the Rose"



Our Alma Mater

Here's to our Normal, drink to her!

Pledge her each lassie and lad

Deep in your years keep your love for her,

While you are merry or sad.

Do nought to dishonor her,

She deserves glory; of knowledge

She has given you freely from her great store.

She asks in return that you live your life truly—no more.

Then here's to our Normal, drink to her!

Pledge her each lassie and lad;

Deep in your hearts keep your love for her,

While you are merry or sad.

Prologue

We, the Juniors of the Washington State Normal School, to give to our fellow students a more perfect means of recalling the days spent here; to establish in the hearts of all a great love for our Alma Mater; to promote and advertise all student activities and class spirit, have published and placed in your hands this copy of our Kooltuo.

The Staff

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Business Manager ZILLAH HEDGER

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KENNETH VAN HOUSE

Training School

MAY MAXWELL

Dormitory

LILLIAN SMITH

Normal Club

FRANCES WIT

Jokes..

VIOLET McMILLAN

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Y. W. C. A.
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WHERE WE LIVE
THE DORMITORY
NORMAL CLUB
FUN AND NEAR-FUN





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Secretary

EDWARD J. KLEMME, A. M.,
NORTHWESTERN
Psychology and Education

Optimism

An optimist is a fellow who can make lemonade out of lemons handed him by his enemies. Try this and you will never be thirsty or unhappy. "An optimist," said the small boy, "is a fellow who goes to school smiling." Force a smile if you must and the smile feeling will come.

Pessimism demands big wages; optimism wants "finger holds." Pessimism says, "Everywhere I go a hand is against me;" optimism says, "You ought to be glad it isn't a foot." The pessimist complains because his wife broke a plate over his head; the optimist says, "Get iron plates."

We get out of life what we put into it. Our own mental calibre is seen in the book we read. What are you looking for? It isn't on this page, but it's in this book. You will find it if you search. Worth and worthlessness are on every hand.

"Two men looked out from prison bars.

One saw mud, the other stars."

Look for mud and your feet touch the miry clay. Look for stars and the great firmament is aglow with their beauty.

"How are you today?" said a little boy to his aunt. "I feel good just now, but I always feel bad when I feel good, because I know I'll feel worse directly afterwards." How narrow is the vision of the pessimist. He is afraid to take the wings of a dove for fear of being shot for a goose. "Did you see that robin? Isn't he pretty? The first one I've seen this spring," said a boy to his mother, as they were walking down the street. "Yes, but I was just thinkin' how tired we'd be of 'em before fall." Frogs croak in stagnant pools, not in running streams. Don't croak. Get in the running stream where the wheels of progress are in motion. "Nobody loves me," says the pessimist, "and I'm going into the back yard and eat worms." Better try a stronger diet.

The dog sat in the midnight chill and howled at the beaming moon; his knowledge of music was strictly nil, and his voice was out of tune. And he howled and howled as the hours went by, while dodging the bricks we threw, till the moon was low in the western sky and his voice was split in two. And there wasn't a thing at which to howl, o'er which the fool pup should weep, and the course of that dog was wrong and foul, for people were wild to sleep. There are plenty of men like that fool hound, who yell when there's nothing wrong, disturbing the country with senseless sound—the pessimist's doleful sound.

You ought to be as good as the woman with eighteen boys who boasted that she could have a game of baseball and never go out of the family, or like the woman with two teeth who thanked the Lord that they were opposites, or like the Dutchman who went out of the room and left the gas turned on. When he came back a few hours afterwards and struck a match an explosion resulted. The man was blown out through the side of the house, window and all, into the street. His friends ran out and asked him if he was hurt. "No," said he, looking back, "but I just got out in time."

There is always something to be thankful for. Are you looking for it? A man was climbing a mountain. He met a fellow traveler and asked, "How far is it to the top?" "A mile and a half," came the answer. He traveled on for four hours more, when he met another man and asked him the same question and received the answer, "A mile and a half." "Well," said the man, "I am thankful I am holding my own."

Pessimism produces frowns; optimism the smiles. If you want friends a smile will get them. Try it and you will agree. Smile and the world smiles with you, knock and you knock alone, for the cheerful grin will let you in where the kicker is never known. Growl and the way looks dreary; laugh and the path is bright, for a wholesome smile brings sunshine, while a frown shuts out the light. Sing and the world is harmonious; grumble and things go wrong, and all the time you are out of rhyme with the busy hustling throng. Kick and there's trouble brewing; whistle and life is gay; and the world's in tune like a day in June, and the clouds all melt away.

Cultivate the horizontal face and not the vertical. The German race suits me. Their face looks like the setting sun—as broad as long. I love a fat man, a real fat man. He laughs. Be an optimist. Turn your face toward the sunshine and the shadows will fall behind you.



Senior Class

Class Teachers.....Prof. Wilson, Dr. Munson
Miss Hutchinson, Prof. Morgan

Class Colors.....Lavender and Green

Ma, He! ma, ha! ma, ho!
Rummernickel, Bummernickel,
Nitecap, soapfat,
Moorang!
Hobble, Gobble, Razzle, Dazzle;
Hobble, Gobble, Razoo!
Johnnie, Blow your bazoo!
Zip! boom! bah!
Seniors! Seniors!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

MARGARET MOHLER, North Yakima, Wash.

"Don't put too fine a point to your
wit for fear it should get blunted."

MARGARET MILLER, North Yakima, Wash.

"Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her and live with thee,
In unproved pleasures free."

RUTH BARTHOLET, Ellensburg, Wash.
 Vice President of the Senior Class;
 Eclectic Literary Society; Class Play.
 "I feel that I am happier than I know."



IRIS WIRTH, Ellensburg, Wash.
 Treble Clef; Eclectic Literary Society.
 "How goodness heightens beauty."



EDA LIZEE, North Yakima, Wash.
 Eclectic Literary Society; Senior Play.
 "Our partings, tho late, appear always too soon."



MARGUERITE HAWES, Lakeview, Wash.
 Secretary of Eclectic Literary Society;
 Sergeant-at-arms Eclectic Literary Society.
 "When I don't know whether to fight or not,
 I always fight."





CLARICE PALMER,—Ellensburg, Wash.

President of W. S. N. S. Student Body;
Member of Student Faculty, '11-'12;
Member of Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; Crescent
Literary Society; 1st Vice President
W. S. N. S. Associated Students; Senior Play;
"Fair, good, rich and wise is a woman four
stories high."

LOUIS CROZIER—Ellensburg, Wash.

President of W. S. N. S. Associated Students;
Member of Student Faculty '10, '11, '12;
Business Manager of Kooltuo '11;
Crescent Literary Society;
Glee Club;
Senior Play.
"The tongue of some people is hung in the
middle and turns both ways."

ATHEL HILL—Puyallup, Wash.

Entered the class the Second Semester.
"When all have done their utmost, surely he
hath given the best who gives a character
erect and constant."

JO HODGES—Kent, Wash.

Treble Clef.
President of Eclectic Literary Society.
President of W. S. N. S. Student Body.
Member of Student Faculty.
"Associate with men of good quality if you es-
teem your reputation, for it is better to be
alone than in bad company."

IDA MURPHY—Marysville, Ohio.

Treble Clef.

"For man's a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion."

CHESTER ROBINSON—Ellensburg, Wash.

President of the Senior Class.

Captain of Basket Ball '11, '12.

Tennis Club '11.

Eclectic Literary Society.

Baseball '11, '12.

Vice President W. S. N. S. Student Body.

Glee Club, W. S. N. S. Orchestra.

Senior Play.

"A boy or young man who thinks he is the whole thing is worth a thousand times more than the one who thinks he is nothing."

MARY RUST—Tacoma, Wash.

Entered the class the second semester.

Senior Play.

"I resolved that like the sun, so long as my day lasted, I would look on the bright side of everything."

EUNICE STAKEMILLER—Port Angeles, Wash.

President of Eclectic Literary Society.

Treble Clef.

Senior Class Reporter '12.

Treasurer of Camera Club.

"The time to do your worrying is when a thing is over; and the way to do it is to leave it to your neighbors."





LILLIE GARVEY, Ellensburg, Wash.
 Treble Clef; Y. W. C. A.; Senior Play.
 "Good Temper is like a sunny day; it sheds
 its brightness on everything."

ELSA PIERSON, Payette, Idaho.
 President of Crescent Literary Society;
 Y. W. C. A.; Senior Play.
 "The hat is the ultimum moriens of respect-
 ability."

ANNETTE REHMKE, Port Orchard, Wash.
 Basket Ball '10-'11; Treble Clef; Yell Leader.
 "I don't like these cold, precise, perfect
 people who, in order not to speak wrong,
 never speak at all; and in order not to do
 wrong never do anything."

EVA MUNSON, Tacoma, Wash.
 Member of Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; Eclectic
 Literary Society.
 "A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any
 market."

HARRIET STEWART, Outlook, Wash.

Treasurer of Y. W. C. A.; Eclectic Literary Society; Senior Play.
 "I think we had the chief of all love's joys only in knowing that we loved each other."



MARY HERATY, Ellensburg, Wash.

Crescent Literary Society; Senior-Junior Debate '12; Senior Play.
 "It is as impossible to find real pleasure in wrong doing as it is to sweeten one's tea with vinegar."



EMMA ALLARD, White Bluffs, Wash.

Secretary of Senior Class; Member of Student Faculty; Crescent Literary Society.
 "Those who have accomplished great things in the world have been, as a rule, bold, aggressive, and self-confident."



GLOW WILLIAMS, Outlook, Wash.

Member of Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; Crescent Literary Society.
 "Good things come to some people while they sleep."





BELMA ALTICE—Ellensburg, Wash.
 "Love me and tell me so sometimes."

EVA JONES—Tacoma, Wash.
 Entered the Class the Second Semester.
 "Music is a fair and glorious gift of God. I
 would not for the world renounce my
 humble share in music."

HARRIET KUNKEL—Kent, Wash.
 Entered the Class the Second Semester.
 Treble Clef.
 "How her fingers went when they moved by note
 Through measures fine as she marched them
 o'er
 The yielding plank of the ivory floor."

STELLA WAGNESS—Stanwood, Wash.
 President of W. S. N. S. Student Body,
 Eclectic Literary Society.
 Treble Clef.
 Y. W. C. A.
 Editor-in-Chief Kooltuo '11.
 "I did not fall into love, I rose into love."

DeFORE CRAMBLITT—Puyallup, Wash.

Business Manager of Basket Ball '12.
W. S. N. S. Orchestra '11, '12.
Business Manager of Kooltuo '11.
Secretary of W. S. N. S. Student Body '11.
Vice President Eclectic Literary Society.
Senior Play.
"Every man is a volume if you know how to
read him."

CORA FORBES—Puyallup, Wash.

Literary Manager of W. S. N. S. Associated
Students.
Basket Ball '11, '12.
Eclectic Literary Society.
Senior Play.
"It is the heart that makes the home, whether
the eye rests upon a potato patch or a flower
garden."

SOPHIA FOWLER—Portland, Ore.

Secretary of Eclectic Literary Society.
Treble Clef.
Senior—Junior Debate '12.
"When I am forgotten, as I shall be, and sleep
in dull, cold marble, say, I taught thee."

EDYTHE HENRY—Tacoma, Wash.

Entered the class the Second Semester.
Senior Play.
"Next to virtue, the fun in this world is what
we can least spare."





MYRTLE GLEASON, Beverly, Wash.

President of W. S. N. S. Student Body;
Senior-Junior Debate '12; Treble Clef;
President of Eclectic Literary Society; Mem-
ber Student Faculty '11-'12; Senior Play.
"Everything in this world depends on
woman."

ISABEL PRATT, Tacoma, Wash.

Eclectic Literary Society.
"In the parlor there were three,
Girl, the parlor lamp, and he.
Two is company, no doubt,
That is why the lamp went out."

LELA BLOOM, Cove, Oregon.

Member of Y. W. C. A. Cabinet;
Senior Play; Crescent Literary Society.
"Think of your own faults the first part of
the night when you are awake, and of the
faults of others the latter part of the night
when you are asleep."

JOSIE MARSHALL, Puyallup, Wash.

Eclectic Literary Society.
"My strength is as the strength of ten,
because my heart is pure."

ANNA HINCKLEY, Tacoma, Wash.

Eclectic Literary Society; Treble Clef;
Senior Play.

"Compel me not to toe the mark,
Be always prim and true;
But rather let me do those things
That I ought not to do."



SUSIE CORE, Outlook, Wash.

President of Crescent Literary Society;
Associate Editor of Kooltuo '11; Treble Clef;
Member of Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; Senior-Junior
Debate '12; Senior Play.
"I am a part of all that I have seen."



ADELINE E. SELDEN, Kent, Wash.

"Her words are wise men's counters,
They do but reckon by them,
They are the money of fools."



MARY REID, Tacoma, Wash.

President of Y. W. C. A. '12;
President of Literary Council;
Crescent Literary Society; Senior Class Play.
"Doing right never hurt anybody; doing wrong
always does."





LILLIAN SMITH—Lester, Wash.

Vice President of W. S. N. S. Student Body.
Secretary of Eclectic Literary Society.
Member of Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.
"If you wait until you're sure, you may wait forever."

EVA SCOTT—North Yakima, Wash.

Eclectic Literary Society.
Treble Clef.
"It was only a glad 'Good morning'
As she passed along the way,
But it spread the morning's glory
Over the livelong day."

OTTO SELLE—Ellensburg, Wash.

Treasurer of the Senior Class.
Member of Student Faculty '11, '12.
Crescent Literary Society.
Senior Play.
"The woods are full of fairies,
The sea is full of fish,
But the thing I want is a woman—
And that's a manly wish."

The Mid-Year Graduation

February 9, 1912.

Ruth Carolyn Carroll.....Ellensburg, Wash.
May M. Chase.....Ellensburg, Wash.
Delocia McKinstry.....Ellensburg, Wash.
Address.....Supt. C. R. Frazier, Everett
Presentation of Diplomas....Prin. W. E. Wilson



Junior Class

Class Teachers - - - - - Miss Ensle, Prof. Klemme, Prof. Collins

Class Colors - - - - - Blue and Gold



ELLA McAFEE

"My only books were her sweet looks,
"And folly's all they've taught me."

EFFIE GUNDERSON

"I am not slim enough to be thought a good
student."

LUELLA GROSS

"Ilka body smiled that met her,
"Nane were glad that said good-bye."

JENNIE SHUMAN

"All vice she doth wholly refuse,
And hateth idleness."

MARY RITCHIE

"Pick her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair."

BEATRICE ALLEN

"Oh wad some Pow'r the giffle gie us
To see oursel's as others see us."

ROSE LYONS

"I wish I were a worm who had nothing
to do
But squirm in the ground and poke my way
through."

ELIZABETH BALDWIN

"Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other people are."

PRUDENCE CUTRIGHT

"She is gentle, she is shy, there is mischief in
her eye—she's a flirt."

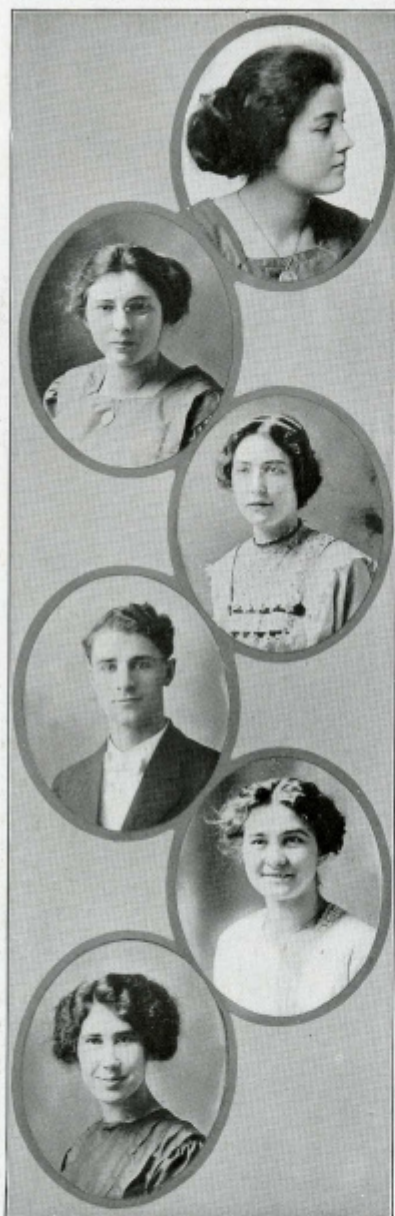
FLAURA NEUFANG

"My eyes just won't behave."

JEANETTE SLAUDT

"A pleasant spirited lady; there is little of
the melancholy in her."





MAUDE BLAKE

"She's all my fancy painted her;
She's lovely, she's divine."

VERA CAMPBELL

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness."

GRACE AULD

"I want some one to love me."

BYRL GWIN

"My doctrine is to lay aside contentions, and
be satisfied."

IRENE HAWKES

"For instance—she is twenty."

ANNA BURGE

"And her hair as black as ash buds on the first
of May."

MARGUERITE MOHLER

"Don't put too fine a point to your wit, for
fear it should get blunted."

MABEL YOCUM

"What care I for wee and sorrow? What I
can't do to-day I will do to-morrow."

VIOLA WILLEY

"Smile, let others cuss."

IDA GUSTAVESON

"My true love has my heart and I have his."

BERTHA VOLNAGEL

"Round her eyes the tresses fell;
Which were blackest none could tell."

ETHEL FUDGE

"There was a bonny lass
And a bonny, bonny lass;
And she loved her bony laddie dear."





MARGARET JONES

"Endowed with great constancy and a tireless energy."

FLORENCE CORBETT

"Deign on the passing world to bend thine eyes,
And pause awhile from learning to be wise."

EDNA CHILES

"Why do you walk as though you had swallowed a ram-rod?"

ETHEL CALHOUN

"She excels each mortal thing, upon the dark earth dwelling."

MARION HOLLINGSHEAD

"She aint like some of the others."

EDITH SCHNEBLY

"A bonny lass, I like her best,
And who a crime dare call that?"

LILLIAN WISE

"A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden to the eye;
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky."

KENNETH VAN HOUSE

"In temper amorous as the month of May."

VIRGINIA EASTERDAY

"Her face is fair, her heart is true."

BERTHA WHITAKER

"I like fun and I like jokes
About as well as most of folks."

MABEL BALDWIN

"She'd make a charming shepherdess."

BETH KONKLE

Study is a pitiless hell that grinds and grinds
and grinds,





HELEN HUNT

"There'll be sleeping enough in the grave."

CORA MIDDLETON

"In soul sincere, in action faithful, in honor dear."

ANGIE HOOVER

"None but herself can be her parallel."

FANNIE CHASE

"I am what I seem: not any dyer but nature dyed the color that I am."

BEULAH WILSON

"It aint no use to grumble and complain.
It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice."

MABEL WHITE

"Just a wearyin' for you."

URBA THOMAS

"I find earth not grim but rosy,
Heaven not dark, but fair of hue."

ELIZABETH SMITH

"Silence and modesty are the best ornament
of women."

FANNIE RUSSELL

"She talked, she smiled, my heart she wiled,
She charmed my soul, I wist not how."

PHOEBE PRICKETT

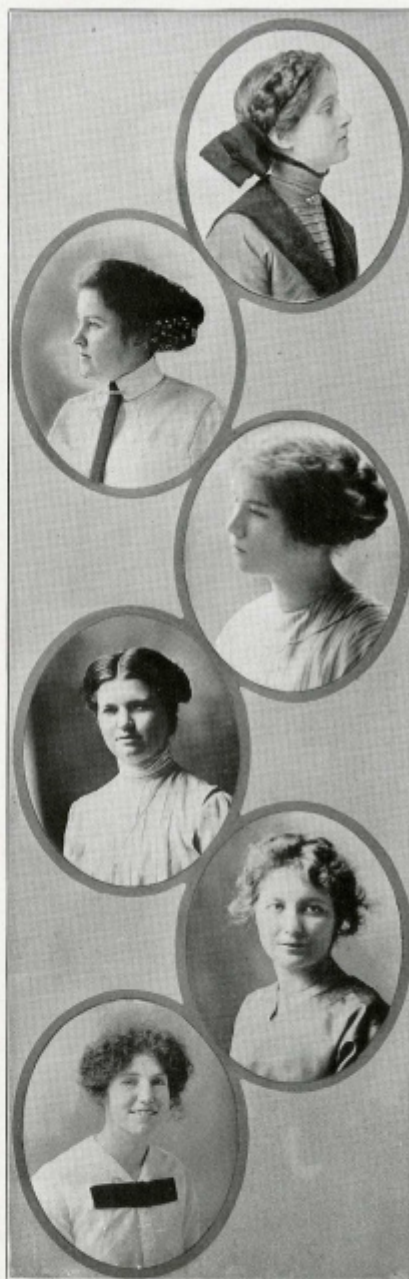
"A heart to no folly or mischief inclined."

GENIE BERARD

"She reddened like a rose
She whitened like a lily;
She sank into my arms and cried
You are my own dear Willie."

EDYTHER MARTIN

"I may die to slow music, but let me live to
rag time."





FRANCES WIT

"I just do the best I kin, where the good Lord puts me at, and I have a happy feelin' in me most all the time."

VERNA DENNIS

"Some people are always grumbling because roses have thorns."

IDA PIERSON

"For man's a giddy thing, and that is my conclusion."

DORA PETERSON

"Her voice is ever soft, gentle and low."
"She's a bonny wee thing,"

BIRDIE ANDERSON

"She's a winsome wee thing."

GRACE HALL

"Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day."

KATHERINE DANAHER

"So wise, so young, they say do ne'er live long."

BLANCHE RUTT

"She never flunked and she never lied
I reckon she never knowed how."

NELLIE MARKHAM

"She has no fault, or I no fault can see."

NANCY GLENN

"To my way of thinkin' nerves is worser than
tumers or cancers."

MARGARET CRIM

"May the Lord forgive me for lying, for lying.
May the Lord forgive me for lying."

NORA INGLIS

"Have ye nought to do but mark the while
your neighbors faults and follies?"





LOUIS STOLTZ

"He fishes in a sea of girls
And never gets a bite."

VIOLET McMILLAN

"And her eyes can look as wise and grave as
Minerva's owl."

CLARISSA SMITH

"So in the little woman there is a taste of
Paradise."

FRANK BAKER

"I am bigger than anything that can happen
to me."

BLANCHE MAKLEY

"Thou hast a mind which suits thy outward
character."

VALMA GRANT

"Maiden with the meek brown eyes
In whose depths a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies."

BEULAH WILSON

"It aint no use to grumble and complain;
It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice."

LILLIE CARRITHERS

"Best with plain reason and common sense."

LEOTA CRAIN

"If she laugh it is the trill
Of the wayward whippoorwill."

ETHEL PRICE

"My actions are my own; my sayings my
professors'."

CARLOTTA BENNETT

"She displays a dainty glove
And a dainty little love."

ZILLAH HEDGER

"She liked what e'er she looked at
And her eyes went everywhere."





HELEN ROBERTS

"Nowhere to go but out,
Nowhere to come but back."

CLYDE BALLINGER

"A fair exterior is a silent recommendation."

HELEN AMES

"With her dimples and her curls
She exasperates the girls."

ROSE MAXWELL

"Thy hair shall be as a light to thy pathway."

MINNIE KRAUSS

"If you strike a thorn or rose, keep a goin'."

GERTRUDE FARRELL

"That lady was ordained to bless an empire."

ROTHA GIBSON

"Nothing to comb but hair."

JENNIE WILSON

"Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, desk or loom."

CARRIE HAMMOND

"Her smile is as the evening mild
When feathered pairs are courting."

JESSIE CURRIE

"The fashion wears out more apparel than
women."

ALICE REMICK

"Things don't turn up in this world 'till
somebody turns them up."





Sophomore Class

Class Teachers.....Miss Hazelton, Mr. Mehner
Class Colors.....Green and White

Class Prophecy

BERNICE HOSFELT—She is still reigning society queen; though many promising young men have angled for her elusive hand, still maintains single blessedness.

MYRTLE STEELE—Grown to a sweet old maid with cute little cork-screw curls; still caressing "Arnold," her favorite dog, reminding her of days long gone by.

WILL TIERNEY—The man with the black beard—after serving his sentence for desertion, we find him again enlisted in the navy, just ready to start on his fifth trip to China.

CLARA BERG—A bachelor girl and man-hater; lives alone with her cat in her palatial dwelling on Fifth Avenue, writing poetry with a vengeance.

FRANKIE HENDRICKS—Standing with her rod in hand, she is ruling to the tune of a hickory stick her twelve little urchins.

KATIE MAXEY—In a home of her own has a private primary class, while all together they eagerly watch for the mail man as he passes.

HILDA BRUNN—The wife of a farmer gay.
Poor little "Ben" whom she stole away.

EDNA PEAIRS—With a blue dress and white apron and a nurse's cap, she is ever ready with the dope and never takes a nap.

CHARLES CHAMPIE—He presides at pink teas, while his wife fills the office of Mayor with ease.

JURET BROWN—Modest little creature, how have you come on life's journey thus far alone? Is it not time in this glad leap year to find you a home?

MINNIE NOBLE—The leading suffragette of our broad land is now touring the country and making speeches on the subject, "Votes for Women."

VIRGIL MORGAN—Teacher of the Kindergarten in a ladies' school. Ego is his word.

MARY GANDERS—Mary is a civil reformer and Mayor of New York, and is teaching the American people municipal and government control of public utilities. The Reform Party will undoubtedly nominate her for president at their next national convention. This nomination practically amounts to an election.



HILDA MEISNER—Is leading a rather wild life in Paris. Friends fear her life is endangered because she is naturally so daring and reckless.

ELMA WILSON—Widely known as orator of the Senate, can be heard daily in the Senate Chamber at Washington, D. C. Her husband enjoys himself in the society circles of the gay capital.

HARRIET TAYLOR—Decided that life alone is too much for her, and accordingly embarked upon the tempestuous matrimonial sea.

NESSA MORGAN—Nessa is the world's renowned artist. She has the honor of having painted more pictures for the New Yorkers than any other person.

MARION MILLER—One thing alone remaineth, the memory of which shall attain throughout all generations—her melodious voice.

SILVA SMITH—Great is our honor and our hearts swell within us, when we hear of the might and glory of her deeds in tennis.

THELMA HOME—The dean of women. You never could guess.
A good one—Yes.

GEORGIANA BLEVIN—There are meters of ice
There are meters of snow,
But the best way of all
Is to meet her alone.

CLARA ROE—Always earnest and sincere
Always bright and full of cheer.
Always studious; always wise
Is the look in Clara's eyes.

EVA CLAYBAUGH—Is touring Europe as a violinist. She has played before all the crowned heads of Europe and will soon return to Ellensburg.

Mighty in strength we again gather from all parts of the nation, come to this place our skill not to diminish but strengthen, our minds not unlearned but full of wisdom. And this is a mighty host, possessed of talents, good looks, genius, strength, skill and knowledge, surpassing in all things those who have gone before and those who are yet to follow. With their coming may they always bring peace.

Class Yell

Baca, Saca, Buckatee!
Tama, Shanta, Bumalee!
Gosha, Washa, Koxa, Gee!
Sophomores, Sophomores, Bustalee!







Freshmen

MOTTO: Green but ripening.

COLORS: Purple and Gold.

Flower, Violet.

Class Yell

Een dica, deen dica, fetti dica, foom

E-be-ba-bo-ba, E-be-ba-bo-ba,

Een dica, deen dica, fetti dica, foom,

Freshman, Freshman, Zip Rah Boom.



Helen Jenke

"Blessings on the man who first invented sleep."



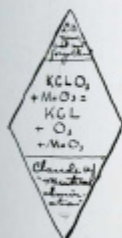
Pearl Arcott

"A closed mouth catches no flies."



Elmer Lewis Stepples

"Why wasn't I born a girl?"



Ella Berg

"Verily you could almost hear the flapping of her wings."



Amanda Caraway

"Charms strike the sight,
But merit wins the soul."



Mabel Fisher

"You know I mean exactly what I say—no more nor less."



Lillie Ford

"I giggle, giggle as I go."



R.R. Fulkerson

"A silent, shy, peace-loving man."



Gladys MacFarlane "If music be the food of love, play on."
(Is my hat on straight?)



Laura Shelton "To know her is to love her."



Anita Talbot "No matter what the others do, I will be good."



Ella Kingsby

"Oh the tintinabulation
Of my automatic mouth.
How I love its ceaseless babble,
How I love its ceaseless flow;
How I love to wind my mouth up;
How I love to hear it go."



Claine Fitch

"The worst fault you have is to be in love."



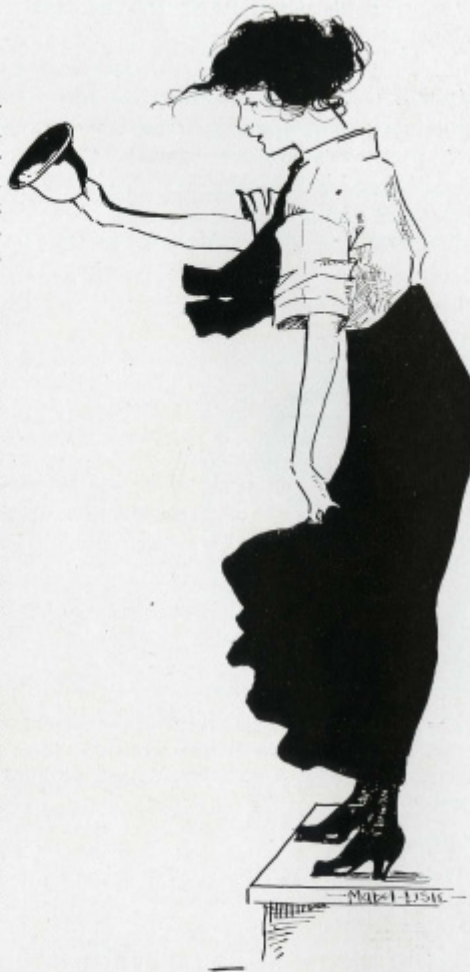
Theresa Smith "Six feet of loveliness."

The Alumni of Spokane

There has been some talk of organizing a local Alumni Association in Spokane. Mrs. John Aldrich, formerly Miss Frost, of Ellensburg, whom many will remember as Secretary at the Normal, has been active in arousing enthusiasm toward the establishment of such an organization.

Fourteen members of the Normal Alumni have been located. These are: Miss Lena Witt, Principal of the Roosevelt School; Miss Helen Samson, Miss Frances Carter, Miss Flossie Abbott, Miss Edith Jackson, Miss Ethel Dunkerley, Miss Maude Fife, Miss Lucile Davis and Miss Eleanor Shaw, all teachers in the city schools.

Mrs. James Watson (Meta Gerboth), Mrs. Alfred Butler (Zella Bisbee), Mrs. Frank Brown (May Miller), Mrs. Elmer Brown (Victoria DuVal), who has charge of the Arts and Crafts department of the Woman's Club, and Miss Emma Clarke. This list includes not only graduates of the Normal, but also those who have received elementary certificates. It is hoped that all member of the alumni living in Spokane may be located and notified in order to be ready for active participation in the fall.



What Some Members of Our Alumni Have Accomplished

A number of our Alumni, after a few years of successful teaching, have been able to advance still further in study and training to fit themselves for higher positions than those obtained upon graduation from the Normal School.

Miss Edith Jackson, '99, completed a course of English at the University of Washington and holds the position as teacher in the North Central High School of Spokane.

Miss Bessie Annis (Mrs. Gates, '99), who now resides at Cristobal, Canal Zone, received the Degree of Bachelor of Arts from the University of Washington, Master

of Arts from the University of Michigan, and taught in the Government High School of Canal Zone.

Mr. William Montgomery, '99, received the Degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of Michigan, 1911, and is a successful lawyer in Enumclaw.

Miss Matilda Karrer, '05 (Mrs. J. A. Gilbreath), Miss Anna Karrer, '05, also received diplomas from the University of Washington.

Miss Jeannette Ferguson, '05, pursued a course in German at the University of Washington and is now employed as teacher in the High School of Dayton, Washington, where Mr. Stanley Atwood, also one of our alumni, is principal.

Miss Anna Dorothy Miller, '05, has been completing a course at the State College at Pullman.



Miss Christabel Corbett, '11, has this year been doing post-graduate work in the Normal, and will be retained as Instructor in Art during summer school.

The interesting letters given here are from Miss Lucile Wilson, who is teaching in Nome, Alaska. These letters were not intended for publication, but through the courtesy of Professor and Mrs. Wilson we have the privilege of printing them in the Kooltuo.

AUGUST 24th.

We're here! We're here! We began to pack up early this morning, and to celebrate had turkey for dinner. By the time dinner was over and we went up on deck we were HERE.

I didn't know we were anywhere near, so when I got out on deck the boat was still and there was the town spread out before us—literally SPREAD out. It looked like a pasteboard town—all the houses right along the water. Then behind it the bare, bare hills, all green and blue and mostly a funny yellow-green. A lighter came to take us off. It is a big barge drawn by a tug. We rode to almost 20 feet of shore, then we got in the cage affair which Stanley calls "aerial railway," and were swung up to land. We walked over the town a little and back over the tundra from the Snake river, which is full of silt from mines miles away, and right there \$3,000,000 were taken out.

At ten the sunset glow was still in the sky.

September 3d.

I am going to tell you of the peculiar things which I am sure you'll be interested

in. Cheechako is what they call a tenderfoot in the north, and a sourdough is one who has wintered in Alaska. Everybody walks down the middle of the street as much as anywhere. The Eskimos are as thick as white people, and seem to do nothing but stroll around and sell old ivory buttons, hatpins, etc. They are the most cheerful, gentle people. At a distance the men may look quite fierce with black mustache and beard and scowl, but near by theirs is as gentle a face as can be, and people say they are the best kind of people to deal with. The young women are really pretty with beautiful big animal like eyes and lovely complexions, brown and ruddy, and the sweetest mouths. The children are all dears, and all wear parkys of calico, all hues and patterns, lined with fur.

September 16th.

I wish I could branch out in an elaborate description of Camp Nome and its wonders but really I can't.

Boom days are over. There is lots of money made up here. The big companies, "Wild Goose," "Pioneer," etc., are making big money, and there are plenty of men who have gone out with big "pokes," but they were lucky that the lawyers didn't get it. There isn't a chance to make money other ways that there was a few years ago, altho I think one could make pretty good wages at anything but school teaching. So you see the glamour of the place has gone. What is left is the lawyers fighting over other people's money, the big operator who has more sense than to cut up "high jinks" with the companies' dust, and whose operations are just like any other big business, only cruder, and the common herd who never were much and spend their time telling about the past and how they "just missed it." But most of the brilliant ones, the lucky ones, the interesting people who fit into stories, etc., have gone, and Nome is like any mining or factory town, except it is more in the rough. There is nothing but tundra and ocean around you, and it is tucked on the corner of nowhere. Perhaps when the snow flies thick the setting will be more realistic.



Literary



Liberty or Death

"O, give me liberty or death,"
The patriot cried, and at a breath,
Each heart that heard took up the word,
And every loyal bosom stirred
With wild desire, for son and sire
On battlefield to face the fire
And there to die if that need be
That home and country might be free.

With quiet tread, before his camp,
I see the rude backwoodsman tramp.
Within his hands he grasps a gun;
Across his breast the letters run
That spell the watchword of his band
To die before a captive land
Should be his home. 'Tis growing dark,
The fires burn low and red, but hark—
Was that some sound? The enemy?
Ah no, they're resting quietly.
They'll not rest long—ere break of day
They'll be engaged in deadly fray.

The scene is changed. 'Tis dead of night.
The storm is wild, and by the light
Of flicker'ring fires I see the camp
Where sleep the foe. The horses' tramp
Is muffled by the wind and rain;
Yon sentry keeps his watch in vain.

The band steals up and at the word
A rush is made. A cry is heard,
The night is wild with warlike sound
Of sword and gun, and on the ground
Lie many dying of those brave,
Strong men who far prefer the grave
To life of hard unceasing toil
Upon the cruel tyrants' soil.

Yes, forth they went—that valiant band
Fire in their hearts and sword in hand
They met the foe in many a fray,
And in God's time they won the day;
Brave blood was spilled and strong men died.
But they were with the right allied;
Of our land's freedom—great the price,
But God blessed every sacrifice.

Yes, forth they went—that valiant band,
Fire in their hearts and sword in hand,
Took up the watchword, and it ran
From tongue to tongue, from heart to heart.
It made a nation's pulses start
And throb with life young, strong and pure,
Unknown and unconceived before;
And through a birth of pain and strife
Came forth our nation into life.



As right, of old was won by blood
And firm resolve, so must the bud
Of Justice now be sought and found
In strong men's hearts, to whom the sound
Of evil's threats brings no alarm.
Then let each patriot rise and arm
Himself to win the coming fight
Between the evil and the right.

Our fathers faced death and despair
To leave their sons a country where
Each sould is free. The tyrant's power
Shall be no more nor shall men cower
As slaves before their fellow men.
Yet that old call sounds forth again
From modern evil's deadly breath
May we seek liberty or death.

Curriculum and Character

The principal object of education is the formation of character. Practical education is that which includes character, the most practical thing in the world. What good is a curriculum unless it leads to character? One of the general characteristics of the present educational system is hypnotism. There is too much of it—too much handing out by the teachers, too much receptiveness on the part of the child. Parents begin the process of killing questions and teachers usually finish it up.

Text-books are like stones thrown on growing plants. Children should learn less from them, and what they do learn they should make their own.

There is less enforcement of law here, than in any other country, more murders and lynchings than there are legal executions. Bring up a race of people that will reform. Teach children real Americanism by impressing on them the greatness of such men as Lincoln. The finest thing America ever did was to produce him. It is sentiment, feeling and emotions that run our country—the will will not work without the help of the heart.

(Extract from Dr. Sisson's Address Delivered at the Kittitas Teachers' Institute)

A Freshman's Sad Experience

Saturday morning, Meg (real name suppressed) was busy wiping the dishes for her mother. The cook had suddenly left in a tantrum, leaving the kitchen in a very unpleasant state of affairs; pots, kettles and pans were piled three stories high on the table, sink, stove and every other inch of level space. Things were generally in a very uncomfortable condition, and Meg had a woe-be-gone expression, even worse than when you come out of Latin class and did not have your lesson properly prepared. Meg's system was just right to absorb more trouble.

Just at this moment, Tom, a most unsympathetic brother, as all young brothers are, came rushing into the kitchen. "Oh, say, Meg!" he cried, "do you know that Bob Brown (name suppressed) died at the hospital of appendicitis about five o'clock this morning and they have telegraphed for his mother?" Poor Meg could bear no more, and leaned up against the door while the cup that she was wiping fell to the floor with a crash. "Oh, Tom!" she cried, "he can't be dead, just think, dead, dead."

It seemed impossible to her that Bob Brown was dead. He had always sat near her in the examinations and helped her over the hard places. But worst of all, to think that she had treated him so unkindly only yesterday. When he had asked her to go bicycle riding with him she had kept him waiting an hour and ten minutes while she was talking with Jim White, (name suppressed) and then when she had said it was too late to go, he had gone away angry and she had waited in vain on the front steps an hour and a half for him to come back.

Meantime her sobs were increasing in length, breadth and thickness, and her mother thought it time to remonstrate a little. "Meg," she said, "stop this foolishness immediately; you act worse than if it was your own brother." "I wish he was," replied Meg, "then I could wear black and cry as much as I wanted to; Oh, mother!"

"Meg, this is perfectly outrageous, and I want you to stop right away. I never heard of such a thing. You act worse than I did when I heard the false report of your father's death in the war."

"Yes, and you were not engaged either, and it is not any worse for me than it was for you," replied the "chip off the old block."

"But I always intended to marry your father, if I could get him," said the mother.

"And I Bob, and I am going down to the post office and phone to the florist this minute and order the biggest design I can find." And presently Miss Meg emerged from the door, suppressing snuffles, and with a veil concealing her red eyes.

As she neared the post office she grew faint and wished herself a thousand miles away when she saw Bob Brown, alive, approaching her rapidly, with a very white face.

"Bob Brown!" cried Meg.

"Meg Blue!" said Bob.

"Tom told me that you were dead," said Meg.

"And he told me that you were dying," cried Bob.

A boy shot past on his wheel and shouted, "Goodbye Sis, you sure do bite like a fish," and then wheeled on to tell the boys, and that is how it got out.

The Gypsy's Fortune

Do you remember the discussion about fortune telling that we girls had when you were here last summer? Two weeks ago Ruth and three of her girl friends from Kent spent the week-end with us. Saturday afternoon we started out for a long tramp through the woods. Ruth's Aunt Phil, the dear, white haired lady, who lives with me, went with us.

None of us had ever been up that long steep hill back of the house where, as you remember, the woods are very dense. We descended the hill on the other side and found it quite swampy. Occasionally small spotted snakes crawled leisurely across the road in front of us. Often we nearly stepped on those coiled in our path.

One of the girls and I, who were in advance of the rest, finally came to an abrupt turn in the road. There, a few rods before us, stood a tall woman in a dark dress, with raven black hair falling loosely over her shoulders and back. Both of us hesitated. Each looked at the other questioningly and with one accord turned back to join the other girls.

When we had told them about the woman, Aunt Phil exclaimed, "That must be the woman Mrs. Roberts was telling of yesterday. She and her husband live alone near a lake. The place is quite valuable, but they live in a very poor way. She enjoys telling fortunes, with cards, more than anything else. Many of the things she has foretold have happened."

"Oh, Aunt Phil," cried Ruth, "Won't you please ask her to tell ours?"

All of us echoed Ruth's request and hurried forward. The woman was standing where we had left her. Aunt Phil greeted her and, after she had introduced herself and the rest of us, told of our desire. The eyes of this gypsy-like person brightened with pleasure. Immediately she led us to her hut which stood by a still, dark lake. This lake was hidden among sombre pines.

As we entered the hut she quietly remarked "I knew you were coming. That is why I went to meet you." Then seeing our questioning glances, she continued, "I read it in the cards."

When we were seated before the low, wide fireplace she told in turn the fortunes of each one. As she did so one of us wrote on paper the most important parts of our fortunes. Naturally there was a great deal of bantering among us. But not once did the gypsy smile. She was especially interested in Aunt Phil's fortune, and asked Aunt Phil to let her know when certain things happened.

Finally she told her own fortune. As she handled the cards, she remarked that her fortune had been bad lately and then listlessly placed the cards on the table. Suddenly her eyes brightened and her interest deepened. "You have brought me good fortune!" she finally exclaimed. "I see change of residence and much money for me." Ruth asked her if she really believed these fortunes. She replied, "An old man lived near us. Often he helped about the place. Many times I told his fortune but for six months the cards said he was going to die. One morning he was to help my husband but did not come. He was found dead at his cottage door."

"For a whole year the cards told me that our house was to burn. I declared it the

fault of the cards and determined to get a new deck. About a year ago our house burned and in some way, perhaps by the wind, the cards were scattered all over the yard."

Before we left she took us to the muddy shore of the lake and in speaking of it said the bottom in places had not been found. It was so very deep.

Soon we departed. At the turn of the road we looked back and saw her standing by the silent lake as one in a dream. Perhaps she was thinking of the money that was soon to be hers. For last week they sold their land and yesterday moved away in a covered wagon to find a home in the mountains.

It is midnight. The house is cold.





It was a warm May day. The Dramatic Editor sighed as she gazed dreamily at the hills, violet in the distance. It was late afternoon and she had been thinking hard all day. A train came through the gap leaving a streak of white smoke behind it. "It looks for all the world like a toy train, she thought. This whole

country looks as if it might be the paper scenery of some dolls' theatre." Then she sighed again, for that section was not ready for Kolltuo, and it MUST be written.

It would be easy enough to report the Crescent play. She had seen that, and the Junior play! What she didn't know about that! Why, she had taken part in it herself. But what of the senior play? That wouldn't come off until long after the year book had gone to press.

Slowly scenes came between her and the distant hills. She saw again the crowded auditorium with its eager, expectant faces. The curtain rose disclosing Catherine Maxey as Mrs. Sommers, an engaging widow, ready to receive her guests at five o'clock tea. Otto Selle in the guise of Mr. Campbell, soon declared his love for the lady, but not until he had been many times interrupted by the arrival of other guests.

She saw again Professor Morgan, all rouge and smiles, as Mr. Bemis. Will Tier-



ney and Susie Core as Mr. and Mrs. Roberts tripped across the stage next, followed by Louis Crozier as Dr. Lawton, Elsa Pearson as Mrs. Crashaw, Cora Middleton and Clara Berg as Mr. and Mrs. Miller, and the rest. They laughed and talked and the Editor laughed in sympathy with the airy nonsense that had so pleased the audience once before. Down came the curtain, out went the lights, and it was all over.

But the pictures did not stop; scene after scene from the Junior play flitted past. She saw again Beatrice Allen and Beth Konkle enjoying stolen nuts and wine. Virginia and Zillah held close consultation as to Cis' age, and started off in a four wheeled cab to find Colonel Lukyn.

She laughed when Mr. and Mrs. Posket got under the same table. She heard the agonized voice of Effie Gunderson, as Mr. Posket, politely asking Mrs. Posket to please stop pinching him. Again came the picture of Mr. Posket in his disarray and red cravat, steadily refusing to hear the ladies' names, and his dismay at discovering their identity and the sentence he had pronounced.

She heard Zillah's laugh when she berated poor Mr. Posket—and the grand finale with all the tangles unravelled.

And now more pictures passed before the blue hills. She saw Otto Selle again, but



this time he came in kingly guise. As Leontes he abuses his dear wife Hermione, nee Clarice Palmer. Mary Heraty as the lovely Perdita, Eda Lizee as Florizel, Louis Crozier as Polyxena. The whole Senior Class passed in review; some sad, some laughing, some dancing; a goodly array of old Shakespearian characters, straight from Fairyland, played for her "A Winter's Tale."

A clanging bell, and the Editor awoke with a start to find she had dreamed away the afternoon. "Well, anyway," she said to the girl in the mirror, "I've seen the Senior play. Now I can write THAT up."





Junior Reception Given for Miss Malmsten and Miss Ensle

Not the least pleasant of the social events, in the estimation of the Juniors, was the joint reception tendered to Miss Malmsten and Miss Ensle.

After a short program Prof. Klemme bade farewell to Miss Malmsten in the name of the Class, and Miss Margaret Crim, Class President, welcomed Miss Ensle and in behalf of the Juniors, asked her to become our Class teacher, since Miss Malmsten was leaving.

Both Miss Ensle and Miss Malmsten were kind enough to sing for us, and as we said goodbye to Miss Malmsten the words of her song voiced our wishes for her—that always in the showers she might sing.

"It isn't raining rain to me:
It's raining violets."



That Colonial Party

The Sophomores are certainly in a class by themselves. They have won the distinction of being the smallest class to entertain the rest of the school and the young people of the town at large at the Colonial Party, February 25, 1912, in the Normal Building. Moreover, this Colonial Ball proved to be a grand success. The reception hall was crowded to its capacity and even the Gym was full to overflowing. The members must have worked all day and night on the decorations. They were beautiful. Never has the Gymnasium, in its whole history, looked so grand, and we fear it never can. For where will one find such artistic people as Edna Peairs and Bernice Hosfelt, to say nothing of the boys who lent their talent for this occasion?"

The feature of the evening, of course, was the minuet. Sixteen couples participated in this. They certainly did themselves justice, and their instructor too. When we remember that the Colonial Gentlemen were, four hours previous, breaking their necks" to catch the train at Cheney in order to be at Ellensburg in time to make the transformation from twentieth century basket-ball players to eighteenth century gentlemen of leisure, we marvel at the ease and grace with which they bowed to their ladies fair. Whoever would have thought it of them—especially Mr. Gwin.

It was rumored the next day that many "cases" developed that night. We don't blame you, boys. It would take a heart of steel to resist the smile of a fair maiden in a colonial costume. Most of the boys surrendered when they took their partners in to luncheon. The dining room was beautifully decorated in green and white, and lighted with candles. Too bad, girls, that you can not always wear colonial costumes. But do you know we don't believe it would become you half as well without the background and setting so thoughtfully worked out for you by the Sophomores.

The same old trouble, however. Twelve o'clock came altogether too quickly. We feel confident every one on the floor could have danced until four A. M.

The Hallowe'en Party

Ah, Shades of Caesar! Who goes there?
 Look you! See that ghastly pair
 Walking with so sad an air.
 Listen now! They cry "Beware."
 Ah, alas, where have I strayed?
 Into Dante's grim inferno,
 There to stay until I burn-O?

Look, they beckon with their hands!
 Look, they come toward me in bands!
 Here must I die, in unknow lands.
 Hush! They say to me "Come in."
 Hark ye! Hark! The awful din!
 "Man must atone for all his sin."

Those fingers make my blood turn chill.
 Those eyes—they make my heart stand still.
 Do with me, furies, as ye will.
 The lifted veil a face discloses—
 Those eyes they make my heart stand still.
 Sweet furies, do with me your will!



The Sleighing Party

Sophomores—Oysters—Wilson's—January 20th, 1912—the sleigh—the dorm—
 couples hurrying toward the sleigh—Mr. and Mrs. Mehner—the lost coat—Mr. Meh-
 ner and 25 boxes of matches—the search in vain—more boys than girls—the bright
 red at the back of the sleigh—Nessa holding down a space for two—All aboard—
 Normal Yell—Class Yell—Bump, Bump, we're out in the country—songs—jokes—
 laughing—Will and his flash light—the face he turned it on—Katie, the driver—
 Hilda B. had "Ben" her assistant—Bump, bump—Wilson's—the phonograph—
 Miss Hazelton and the violin—H. M. and N. M. at the piano—games—fun, fun,
 fun—the couple on the sofa—speeches—eats—H. and M. at the phonograph—
 All aboard—Three cheers for Wilson's—the singing (John Brown had a little
 Indian)—chattering—laughing and bumping—so musical it put a portion of the crowd
 to sleep—arriving home—two o'clock.—H. S. T.

The Y. W. C. A. Reception

The Y. W. C. A. reception was the first social event of the year, and furnished a
 splendid opportunity for the students to become acquainted. During the games
 which followed, the feeling of strangeness wore away, and when refreshments were
 served we felt that we were no longer individuals but links in friendship's chain.



Music



Treble Clef

Throughout the year much interest was displayed in the various musical organizations, and under the careful guidance of Miss Malmsten, who was later succeeded by Miss Ensle, the societies became a credit to the school.

The Treble Clef was composed of about 40 members, picked voices whose prompt attendance and deep interest made the Clef what it is. The Treble Clef made several appearances at Assembly, gave two well rendered selections at the mid-year graduation exercises, and appeared to great advantage at the Twilight Recital which was given by the students May 24th.

Glee Club

Thru lack of material some trouble was experienced in getting this organization upon a firm basis, but it was at last accomplished. The club made several appearances, and their singing at the Twilight Recital showed considerable thought and feeling. The members of the club were as follows: First Tenors: Van House, Watkins; Second Tenors: Tierney, Robinson; First Bass: Gwin, Crozier; Second Bass: Selle, Uchikata.





Orchestra

The orchestra, under the leadership of Prof. Elser, became a very efficient organization, and appeared at different times throughout the year, notably at the Crescent and Junior Plays. The personnel of the orchestra is as follows: Violins: Stoltz, Clarissa Smith, Eva Clabaugh, Van House; Cornet: Bessie Smith; Trombone: Robinson; Drums: Cramblitt, Becker; Piano: Gladys McFarlane; Director: Prof. Elser.





The Y. W. C. A. Cabinet

Susie Core, Lillian Smith, Hattie Stewart, Mary Reid, Eva Munson,
Harriet Taylor, Lela Bloom, Glow Williams, Clarice Palmer.

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. of this school began the work of the year early in the season by giving a reception to the new students and the Faculty the first Friday in the term. Miss Fox, the Northwestern Territorial Secretary spent the second week of school with us and led the first meeting of the year.

The new girls of the school have shown a keen interest in the work and we feel that the year has been a very progressive one for us. Just before the end of the first semester the Y. W. C. A. delegation met in this city, and the Y. W. C. A. girls, together with the Faculty, gave a banquet to the inter-collegiate delegates.

During the early part of April the convention of all the Northwestern associations met at Seattle, the representatives from this school being Florence Corbett, Birdie Anderson and Minnie Kraus.

A number of very interesting, as well as instructive, talks have been given to the association at different times during the year.

The new cabinet which will have charge of the work for the coming year was installed shortly before the beginning of the second semester. These new officers are:

Florence Corbett.....	President
Birdie Anderson.....	Vice-President
Grace Auld.....	Secretary
Elizabeth Smith.....	Treasurer
Fannie Chase.....	Social Chairman
Jeanette Slaudt.....	Missionary Chairman
Valma Grant.....	Intercollegiate Chairman
Minnie Krauss.....	Devotional Chairman
Clarissa Smith.....	Bible Study Chairman

The prayer which the old cabinet members are leaving with the girls who are taking their places may be best expressed in the words of our Association Mizpah:

"May the Lord watch between me and thee
When we are absent, one from the other."



Student's Day

One night when I was snug in bed
A sweet dream came to me;
I dreamt we were the faculty
And the faculty were we.

In chapel we had seats on high
While they were down below;
We always talked and talked so long
We never let them go.

In recitations every day
We listened with a frown;
Whene'er a Prof. did well recite,
We put a zero down.

We met on Monday afternoons,
To discuss the Senior Class;
We found their grades were very good
But we could not let them pass.

We made them grind but all in vain;
We made them flunk beside;
And when the Profs. received their fate,
The little fellows cried.

And so we were the faculty
O! dream of bliss and then,
Alas! I waked and when I waked
I cried to dream again.





SEATED

Hilda Melaner.....Miss Melaner
 Otto Seile.....Mr. Klemme
 Charles Palmer.....Miss Hutchinson
 Louis Crozier.....Dr. Munson
 Clara Berg.....Prof. Wilson
 Byrl Gwin.....Prof. Morgan
 Kenneth Van House.....Miss Hunt
 Myrtle Gleason.....Mr. Mehner
 Ivor Struppfer.....Miss Hazelton
 Grace Auld.....Miss Malinston
 Grace Hall.....Miss Malinston

STANDING

Fannie Chase.....Mrs. Arthur
 Maude Blake.....Miss Cole
 Bess Conner.....Miss Nash
 Claude Watkins.....Mr. Collins
 Lyla Thomas.....Miss Smith
 Emma Allard.....Miss Housley
 Bernice Anderson.....Mrs. Warner
 Christabel Corbett.....Miss Ringer
 Chester Robinson.....Mr. Whitney
 Jo Hodges.....Miss Parkhurst
 Myrtle Steele.....Miss Maxwell
 William Tierney.....Mr. Dallas
 Gladys McFarlane.....Miss Sander
 Nancy Glenn.....Mrs. Maas

The Eclectic Literary Society

The Eclectics, of course, are the chosen ones—our name tells you that. In 1891 the society was established with Mr. J. A. Mahan at the head. The Society was one full of spirit and very secretive. It was divided into two sections, A and B. They met in the evenings on alternate Fridays. During the first eight years the work was not systematized, but was carried on as rival work with the Crescent Society.

About 1900 the Society was reorganized and the work made systematic, sections A and B working out different courses; A would study Shakespeare while B was studying recent writers. Each section alternated programs. There was a public program given by each society every month.

The society this year was not divided into sections, but work was done by the whole. The roll book shows an enrollment of fifty-nine members this year.

The study during the year has been England. We took an imaginary trip from New York to and over the British Isles. That trip was made especially interesting because one of our members had already made this trip.

The place we stopped longest at was London, visiting Westminster Abbey, the Cathedrals, the Houses of Parliament and other interesting places.

During the latter part of the year, we studied some of the English writers, among whom were Ruskin, Southey, Coleridge and De Quincey. In this connection we took up the study of an old English play "The Knight of the Burning Pestle."

There were two public programs given, the first on December 8, 1911, and the second on May 10, 1912.

The Crescent Literary Society

This society was founded by the students in the very earliest history of the school in order that they might have opportunity for literary work other than that offered in the regular course.

This year the work has been very engaging, and some interesting programs, both public and private, have been given. Perhaps the incident which will linger longest in the memories of the members was Santa Claus and his five cent presents. Will you ever forget Dr. Harris and her paper snake; Prof. Wilson and his horn, or Dr. Munson and his whistling pig?

Two public entertainments were given, one a mixed program, the other a farce entitled "Five O'Clock Tea."



The Lyceum Lecture Course

Among the very enjoyable events of the 1911-12 season was the Lecture Course. We could not have had four more enjoyable as well as educational speakers than these four: Francis J. Heney, the man who probed the graft system of San Francisco; C. P. Connelly, Editor of Collier's Weekly; Senator T. P. Gore and Victor Murdock

The other three numbers were given by Laurant, the magician, who gave us all the mysteries of the magician's art; the Whitney Brothers' Quartette and the Le Brun Grand Opera Company.

The course for 1912-13 season has been arranged for, and will be as follows:

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN—Humorist. He is the author of "Off agin, on agin, gone agin, Finnegin."

J. ADAM BEDE—"Our Nation; Its Problems and Progress." Bede is a former Congressman from Minnesota.

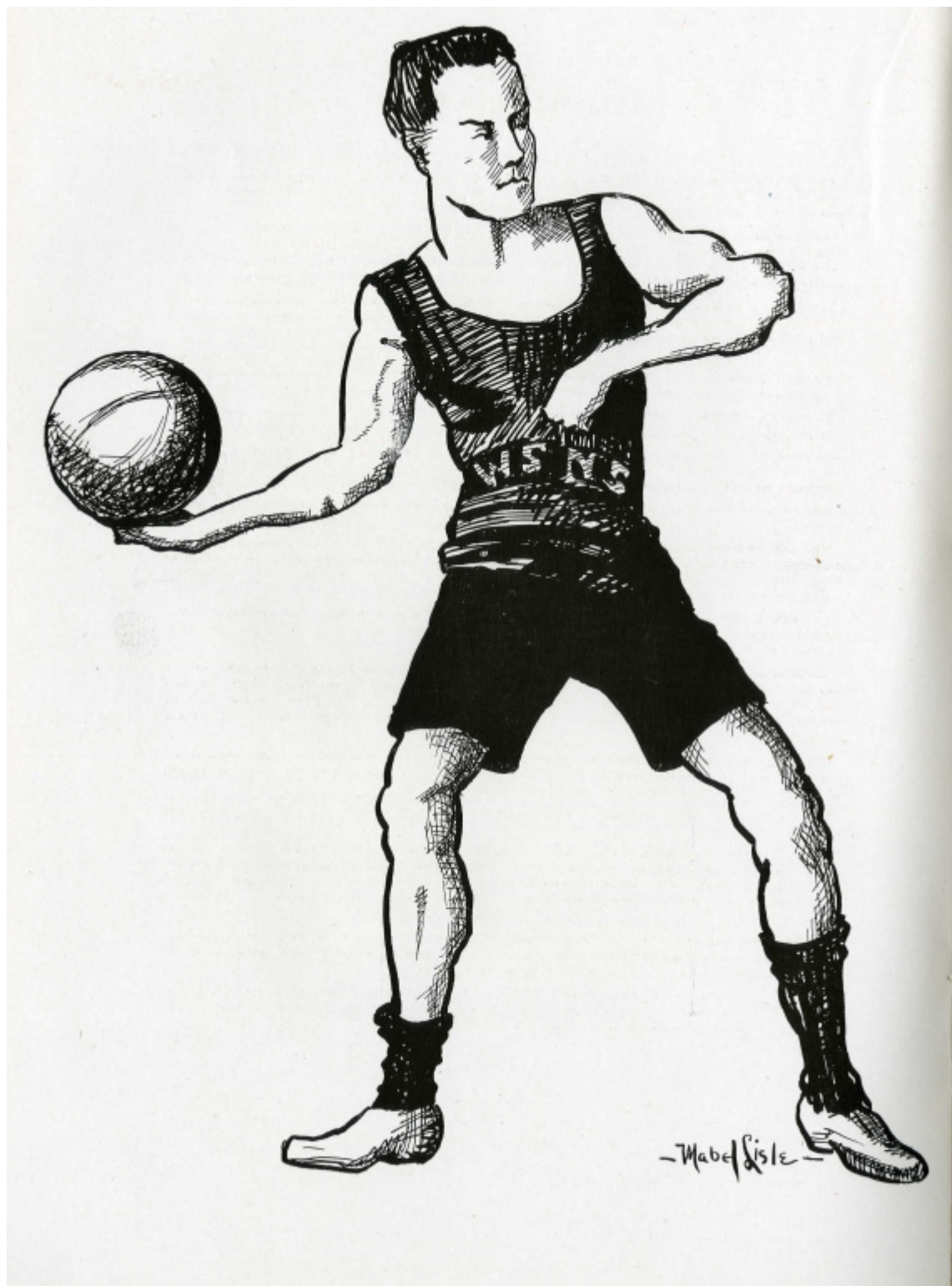
ROSS CRANE—The Cartoonist. Crane is said to have the best one-man performance on the platform.

GOV. ROBERT B. GLENN—"Character Building." Gov. Glenn speaks with a rich southern accent that is wholly delightful, and he is a typical southern orator."

RONEY BOYS' CONCERT CO.—We may be sure they will delight us when we know that they so delighted President Roosevelt that he invited them to give a Christmas Concert at the White House before 500 invited guests.

GOOD FELLOWS SINGERS—They will give excerpts from Grand Opera or the Operetta "Penelope."





Athletics

Owing to a fearful discrepancy in quantity of masculinity, all hopes or fears for a football team were at last consigned to the past, and all mental and physical vigor were expended on basket ball.

As often as practice night came around, twice a week (or was it twice a month?) two full teams would turn out with sometimes one and even two players left out to hold down the benches and to give expert advice regarding the playing of the game. These coaches were ably assisted by Prof. Dallas.

However, in spite of all trials and tribulations, the announcement of the first scheduled games by Manager Cramblitt was hailed with joy and exultation throughout the training camp, and it was a hilarious crew that boarded the train for Cle Elum.

On arriving at Cle Elum our spirits were considerably dampened when we discovered that somehow, in the crush around the depot occasioned by our departure, little Champe had got his dates mixed with some peaches and had missed the train!

However, no accident occurred and all was lovely.

The moment our old friend Samuel Rugg blew the whistle the superiority of the Normal team was apparent, for without a hitch they rolled up a score of 18 to 12, Captain Robinson registering twelve times, Center Gwin seven times, Van House four, Tierney once, while Cramblitt held down the home forwards, netting the magnificent score of 48. Classy!

The next venture into the wilds was more extended, but the results were not quite so satisfactory.

The trip included games with the high schools of Sunnyside, Mabton and Prosser. Champe neglected to miss the train and went along, otherwise the line-up was the same as before. At Sunnyside the team got a cinder in its eye and was consequently unable to locate the basket. Score: Sunnyside 31. W. S. N. S. 17. Nuff said.

At Mabton Dame Fortune joined the team again, and assisted by their old schoolmate, Lee McManus, the team played with machine-like precision, piling up a score of 45 points while Mabton succeeded in garnering 25.

At Prosser Dame Fortune was superseded by her daughter, Miss Fortune, and, ably assisted by their referee, Prosser managed to walk off with the long end of the fatal results. Prosser 35. W. S. N. S. 25. No accidents, barring a close shave indulged in by Chet, marred the trip, and the team returned home happy in the knowledge that they had worked hard and played clean ball.

From this time on Miss Fortune was never long away from her charges, but grew tantalizingly dim at times and once disappeared altogether when the team managed to slip one over on the Mabton boys and by working overtime defeated them 19 to 17.

The Dorm girls royally entertained the teams after the game with an informal dance and luncheon.

When Manager Cramblitt announced that games with two normal schools, one of another state, had been scheduled, joy reigned supreme, but proved to be of short duration, for when the smoke had cleared after the first engagement with the Idaho Normal, it was found that they had managed to gather an extra point, giving them the choicest end of the score: Idaho 18. W. S. N. S. 16.

Another fast game was the performance with Whitworth College of Tacoma. After the contestants had retired from the arena it was found that we had by some mistake tucked away the gaunt end of the score. W. S. N. S. 20; Whitworth 22.

The second trip of the team was taken to the eastern part of the state where the Davenport five were encountered and our Normal team galloped home with the abbreviated end of the pickings, plucking 15 while Davenport scampered off with 18 points.

The next stop was with our friend and rival, the Normal School at Cheney. Here the team was royally entertained in various ways, and a large crowd of jubilant rooters gathered around to see the fun. It was a great game! The crowd crowded and applauded vigorously all plays that required any demonstration. The players played and did their best to please everybody.

When the debris had been cleared away, great was our consternation when we discovered that as usual, our portion was slightly abridged, being 16 tallies to the 18 collected by Cheney. Anyhow we had a good time.

But to cap the climax, the local High School, whom we earlier defeated in a practice game 35 to 12, applied a coat and rubbed some of it in before we realized what was happening, to the tune of 19 to 15. O, Hear! Why a return game was not played is not known, but this was our last game.

Aside from the royal entertainments given us by the Club House and Dormitory girls, the only balm we had with which to soothe our troubled spirits after these unhappy results was the fact that, altho we lost seven out of ten games, our total score amounted to 24 points more than the total scores of our opponents.

Throughout the season the line-up of the team remained the same:

Forwards: Robinson, Captain and Manager, Van House; Center, Gwin; Guards, Tierney, Cramblitt and Champe. Coach Dallas



Girls' Athletics

The girls' athletics this year consist of tennis, baseball and basket ball. Tennis is a popular sport and much enjoyed, but so far, no teams have been chosen. A great deal of enthusiasm is shown in baseball and four teams have been organized. The three B's, made up of cottage girls, a dormitory team, a club-house team, and a team made up of the girls who live in town.

Basket ball this year has been dragging and is not as interesting as in some previous years, due to the difficulty in arranging for games. Next year, however, the basket ball enthusiasts will have an outlet for their energies, because of a league which is being formed between W. S. N. S. and several of the Sound institutions.

W. S. N. S. vs. Thorp at Ellensburg, March 7.

The Normal team was in good condition and more than a match for the Thorp girls in experience as well as size. Our girls made basket after basket, the first half ending with the score 16 to 0 in our favor. The second half was merely a repetition of the first, and the game ended with the score 32 to 0 in our favor.

There are two more games scheduled: W. S. N. S. vs. Thorp, at Thorp, March 19th; W. S. N. S. vs. North Yakima, at Ellensburg, March 23d.

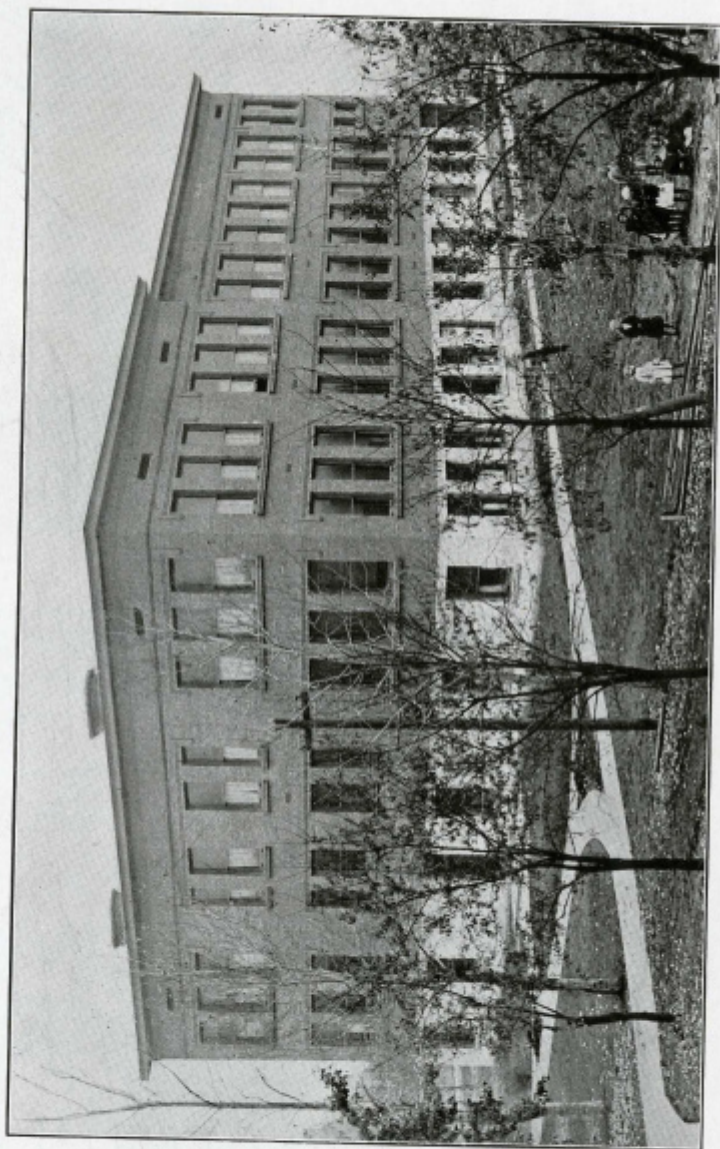
The girls making the team are:

Elizabeth Baldwin (Captain), who played on the Denver High School team, Babies' team and W. S. N. S. team; Helen Ames, (Manager), who played on the Babies' team and W. S. N. S. team; Clyde Ballinger, from the Tacoma High School team; Cora Forbes from the Bethany College team (Kan.); Edith Martin, a former star of the San Jose, (California) High School team; Silva Smith, from the W. S. N. S. team; Prudence Cutright, Sunnyside High School team; Bernice Hosfelt, who played on the Babies' team and W. S. N. S. team; Margaret Crim, from the Seattle High School team and W. S. N. S. team; and Ella Berg from the North Yakima High School team.

This will be the last year for two of the girls on the team. Cora Forbes will graduate in June, and Elizabeth Baldwin will enter Smith next year.

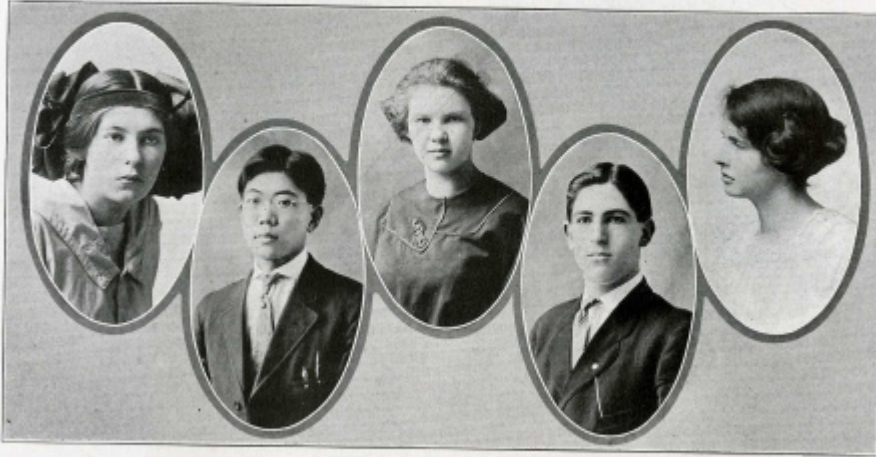
The credit for a great deal of the work of the first team is due to the second team. Those who deserve special mention are: Helen Hunt, Georgina Bleven, Minnie Noble, Clarissa Smith and Maude Blake.





TRAINING SCHOOL W. S. N. S.

Tenth Grade



Class Colors—Lavender and Gray.
Class Flower—Sweet Pea.

Class Yell

Signiferi, Signiferi

Who are we?

Tenth Grade Students

Can't you see?

Class Poem

When I am old and weary
And to school no more I go,
I shall sit down quietly and think
Of the Class I used to know.
Our Class only numbering thirteen,
And with four boys
Who could make lots of noise,
We girls had things to ourselves.
Victor was small and blew the horn
And Leslie beat the drum;
Henson several languages spoke,
While Robert was fond of guns.
Lillian was our star in Latin
And Cecil was fond of Art.
Kathryn S. a prim little miss,
Sweet Marie was our bashful lass,
Our little Catherine her lessons had
And Ada was prim and sedate.
Nellie was good in English
And wrote stories like a book.
And Marguerite with her sharp brown eyes
Never let anything pass.
As I am last
I remain the thirteenth Unlucky Lass.—M. M.



THE CLASS STUDENTS

Fawn Cameron
Mae Martine
Elva Maxey
Adelyn Ames
Helen Mallette
Addie Hall
Bessie Shoemake

Clarence Craig
Leo Leonard
George Olmstead
Mark Steinman
Alfred Kleinberg
Wesley Clark
Arthur Satterwhite

Marvin Shelton

CLASS OFFICERS:

Mae Martine.....	President
Mark Steinman.....	Vice President
Bessie Shoemake.....	Secretary-Treasurer
Leo Leonard.....	Editor
Addie Hall.....	Assistant Editor
Adelyn Ames.....	Marshal

Class Yell

Ice Cream, soda water
Gingerale pop
Ninth Grade, Ninth Grade,
Right on top.

Motto: Venimus, Vidimus, Vicimus.

Colors—Tan and Alice Blue.

Ninth Grade Class History

On the tenth of September, Nineteen Hundred Eleven, there gathered together in one corner of the Assembly Room a class whose knowledge and power exceeded that of Caesar.

They soon realized that in union there is strength, and after a few class meetings they had elected a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer, Editor, Assistant Editor and a Marshal, which formed the solid foundation of their constitution.

It has been the pride and ambition of this class to keep its record clear. Although our class is small we can work and also show that "genius is 90 per cent perspiration."

Not content to look forward to graduation as the end of business we are contemplating chairs in Universities, seats in Congress and ranks in literature.

The faculty is very proud of us for showing this disposition to learn, and have passed the most pleasing compliments upon the class as a whole.

MAE MARTINE, '12.

The Ninth Grade

Gee! but I'm proud of my class.
It simply can't be beat.
Georgie is the tallest
And Clarence is the smallest,
While Mae is our lady so modest and so sweet.

Then there is Leo, the studious,
And Marvin who is always so dutious.
And dear little Fawn, who is our pet,
She gets the highest marks, you can bet.
Adelyn and Addie, the chums,
And Helen, who can work the hardest sums.

Wesley and Arthur, the wise,
And Mark, who'd take any prize.
Bessie, the best in our school,
And Alfred, who dearly loves to fool.
Then last of all myself,
Say! but I'm glad I'm one!
For altogether we're just the jolliest set under the sun.

Addie had some chewing gum
It was white as snow,
And everywhere that Addie went
The gum was sure to go.

She took the gum to school one day
Which was against the rule;
Mr. Selle took it away from her
And chewed it after school.





We dipped our pens in ink
And grabbed our paper tight
Then looked around for jokes,
But there wasn't one in sight.

We called aloud for jokes
A scanty number came;
So don't object if those below
Are familiar, or very tame.

—Joke Editors.

Customer (at People's Market): Have you any brains?

Clerk: No, not today. The dormitory needed all the brains I had.

Miss Ensle (teaching music in first grade): Can anyone tell me what my son was about?

Little girl: About a fellow.

Miss E: What kind of a fellow?

Little girl: I don't know; maybe it's your fellow.

Prof. Klemme (in Psychology): Miss Berard, what do you know about early love affairs?

Miss Berard: I—I—don't know much about them yet. (While there's life there's hope.)

Mary Ganders (speaking of Queen Elizabeth): She died, then fainted, and told her maid to call her son.

Heard in Biology. Dr. Munson: What is appendicitis?

Senior: A disease of the veriform appendix caused by information.

Stoltz—disconsolately: I asked her if I could see her home and she said she'd send me a picture of it.

In History Class:

Ques. What were the crusades?

Senior: The Crusades were millinery Exhibitions from all parts of Europe.

My heart's on the High Line

My heart is not here;

My heart's on the High Line

A-chasing the dear.

The above song was effectively rendered by Miss M. Hawes, Miss V. Easterday and I. Pratt.

Physics Prof. (after long-winded proof): And now class, we get X equals O.

Sleepy Voice (from rear of room): Gee! All that work for nothing.

Miss Ensle (in music): I think Miss Fudge has a very sweet voice.

Van House: Uh huh.

DEBATE

Question: (?) (?)

Affirmative: R. K. Lyons and P. M. Crim.

Negative: Miss Hutchinson.

Miss Cole (in Domestic Science): Miss Martin, what are raw beef sandwiches used for?

E. M. (disgustedly): Dogs!

Emma (not very loud): Say, Vera, but you're pretty good looking.

Vera (misunderstanding): Oh, Emma, I can't help it, I got that up on Craig's hill.

Peggy: Where did Exams originate, Mr. Morgan?

Prof. Morgan: In the Garden of Eden.

At the dorm: Say girls, I found a button in the soup; guess its part of the dressing.

Chet Robinson (before B. B. game): We have the advantage of the Whitworth team on account of the post. We are used to playing with sticks and they are not.

Elsa Pearson (preparing to go down town): Girls, shall I wash my face or powder it?

Prof. Klemme: Say, Doctor, is there anything mentally wrong with my son? Here he is nearly three years old and cannot talk yet!

Well, from what I hear, I don't think he has much of a chance.

Miss Rutt (in English Class): Sh! Dr. Harris is coming.

Birdie: Humph! She's not afraid of me.

Sliva Smith (in History Class): Prof. Wilson, do you want me to study a man?

The English language is classified under three heads: Italic, Keltic and Teutonic.
—(Extract from English Thesis).

MURMURS FROM THE TRAINING SCHOOL

Teacher: When did Moses live? After a painful silence a boy read "Moses —4,000."

Teacher: Now why didn't you know when Moses lived?

Boy: I thought that was his telephone number.

Teacher in training school: If I turn to the East and look at the rising Sun, what is behind me?

Boy: Your shadow.

Heard in Fourth Grade sketching class: Oh, teacher! let me propose today.

Helen Ames (teaching): Charles, what does Der Burgmeister mean?

Charles: Oh, I don't know.

Dan Casey: I know—Master of the Burg—Leslie Becker.

Leota: Good morning, children, aren't you glad to get up so early and see the sun set?

Birdie: Oh, Fannie, it's awfully late—I'm scared to go home.

Fannie: Never mind, Birdie—I'll protect you.

Prof. Klemme (assigning Psychology topic): Some of these topics are quite appropriate; Miss Lyon I have assigned you "The Bad Girl."

Question: Mr. Selle, what is a hypothesis?

Otto: Why—it is the diagonal of a right triangle.

Youthful Mehner: Papa do you know Miss

Prof. Mehner: Yes! She is in one of my classes.

Little Boy: Why, you shouldn't try to teach her anything. She knows it all now.

In art: Raffle is much cheaper when bought in bulk.

A. Rehmke: How many pounds in a bulk?

Conundrum: If a man eats dates is he consuming time?

Dr. Munson (hearing Mary Ritchie go through the hall during recitation hour): There are some people in the halls who haven't found their places in the world yet; in ordinary words we call them tramps.

Prof. Collins: Who was Queen of England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth?

Miss Taylor: George III wasn't it?

Well, Boy, what do you know? Can you write a business letter? Can you do sums?

Please sir, said the applicant, we didn't go in very much for those things at our school. But I'm fine on bead work or clay modelling.

Miss Cole (in Dom. S.): Name the kinds of cakes, Miss Maxwell.

Rose M.: Plain and layer.

Miss Hunt: That is a very good automobile in you picture Mr. Van House.

K. V. H.: It was a load of hay when I drew it.

Prof. K. How many in this class think they have the collective instinct?

V. E.: I know I have. I collect class dues.

Miss Hutchinson: Mr. Van House I envy anyone who can express humor on his feet.

Mr. Wilson (in History Class): Name the shores that border on the North Sea and on the English channel.

Mary Ritchie: I may have the map of Ireland on my face, but they can't expect me to carry the map of England, too.

Although these valuable suggestions came at too late a date to influence the etiquette of the present inmates of the Dormitory we print them here for the benefit of those new students who expect to reside in this Peaceful Paradise next year.

Read them carefully—assimilate and digest them. If you can learn to do this during vacation it will save your time and feelings.

RULES AND REGULATIONS

I.—Syrup or butter MUST NOT be left in Butter chips.

II.—Bones or other remains MUST NOT be left on plates, but must be consumed.

III.—If soup should EVER be served leave none in the Bowls. If time be lacking to thoroughly masticate it at the table stow remainder in right hand corner of pocket handkerchief.

IV.—Devour all drinkables, i. e., coffee, milk, water and tea.

V.—Do NOT RUSH The WATER WAGON.

VI.—Ditch ALL BIG POTATOES before plate is removed.

PENALTY—No Dessert.

(All violators of above Rules and Regulations will be persecuted to the fullest extent of the law.)

1912

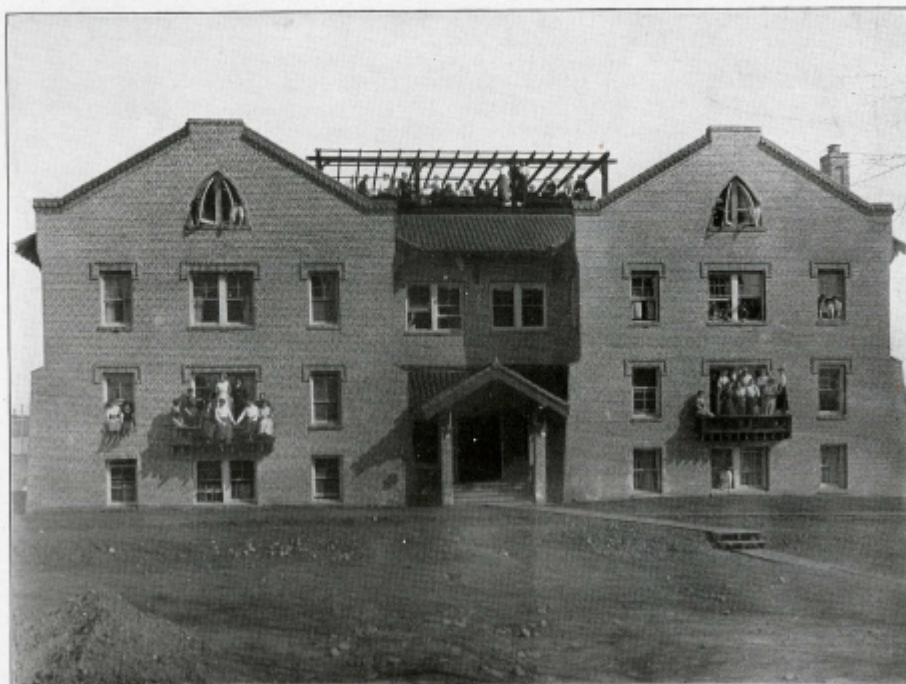
"Let those now love who never loved before;
And those who've always loved now love the more."

Van House
He didn't have
to advertise

Watkins
He froze to an
ice (?) berg

Selle
This space taken at Toppenish

Why don't the girls propose, Mama,
Why don't the girls propose?



Dormitory News

The year 1911-1912 marks a bright spot in the history of the dormitory, for the girls moved into a beautiful new home. It is thoroughly appreciated by both the new and old students, especially the old, who could hardly accustom themselves to so many new conveniences. Mrs. Arthur, however, by her motherly way, soon made each of us feel at home, and we have all spent a most delightful year.

ENTERTAINING MABTON BOYS

The Mabton Foot-ball boys were entertained at a dance after the game. A buffet luncheon was served in the evening.

ENTERTAINING WHITWORTH BOYS

After the game, the Whitworth Basket-ball team was entertained at the dormitory. All the boys declared they had a good time.

DORM DANCE

One of the pretty affairs of the season was given April twenty-seventh, when the girls entertained informally with a dancing party.

DORM PICNIC

The Dormitory picnic was the great event of the year. It took three hay racks. One of the pretty affairs of the season was given April twenty-seventh, when soon be forgotten.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE

That Zillah Hedger won a Kentucky Horse Race on the roof?
That Elsa Pearson is the leading Bear?
That Eunice Stakemiller is a cousin to Ching Chong.
That Jo Hodges is the oldest girl in the dorm?
That Athel Hill hangs on to Otto's coat tail?
That Harry Carroll got locked in the Dormitory?
That Isabel and Benchy have weak eyes and seek the dark?
That Virginia Easterday crawls up the balcony to room 1?
That Eva J. was found locked in room 15?
That Dix could fall off a horse?

That some student teachers do not get enough of the training school in the day time, but hang around nights?

NOTES.

Talk of "Jeff" but never mention "Mutt" to the dormitory boys.
Scottie's room is very popular when she receives an apple box from home.

On a cold and frosty night, if you had been on the campus at about 9:30 p. m., you might have seen a white clad figure on the balcony of room 1. It was the hostess serving a cafeteria buffet luncheon.

Two up-to-date Juniors, viz. Florence Corbett and Fannie Russell, knew how to make the Seniors keep their last study hour. The feed was fine.

No deviled ham at Bernice's spread, but turkey!

Friday evening, November 10th, 1911. As the hall clock pointed to the hour of nine, the famous orchestra of second floor emerged from room 14, with that remarkably harmonious, though at times melancholy, eruption of noises (alias music) characteristic of a comb concert.

The body of musicians moved south to room 21, then north to room 13, thence to the end of the hall and return, notwithstanding the peevish nature of the tenants of the lower hall.

Fapping a promising audience seated in the favorite nooks and corners of the lower hall, so dear to the hearts of "abiders," the orchestra congregated on second landing and proceeded to render, with all the pathos possible to a comb, those favorite songs and ditties we all love to hear.

The applause was not as enthusiastic as might be expected, but the orchestra feel that their efforts were not wholly in vain; for after the rendition of "How Can I Leave Thee," followed by "Speed Away," there was an ominous stir and the orchestra disbanded for the night.

Study Hour on Second Floor

Between the night and the morning
When frolic is running well
Comes a clang thru the wild commotion,
Which is known as the study bell.

There's a hush of all screaming voices,
A slamming of doors and then
A murmur of farewell and parting
Which marks the departure of men.

Then quiet broods o'er our dear dorm,
The atmosphere studious grows.
Matron hopes we'll be quiet 'till morn,
And maybe we will be—who knows?

A stealthy step on the stairway,
The patter of little (?) feet,
A clear, sweet call in the hallway,
A rush as conspirators meet.

A door they have banged in their haste.
There's a breathless pause to hear
Any authoritative footsteps
That may be drawing near.

Giggles and muffled chatter,
Louder and louder it sounds
Until with a terrible clatter
Their laughter has passed all bounds.

An ominous creak from the first floor
As the house president rolls from her bed,
And her heavy thud on the stairway
Is heard by those overhead.

Through the hall kimonas go fleeting,
As the guilty ones 'hike' to their rooms;
Dispersing the teachers' meeting,
O'ershadowed by President's doom.

The rest of the tale is soon told,
And the president descends in high glee,
For under the beds and in closets
She has captured delinquents, three.

Between the night and the morning,
When we all feel a trifle sour,
There is nothing can cheer our spirits,
Like a capture in study hour.

Club House Notes



"Experiences of the Club Stairways"

It was a dull, stormy night in Ellensburg. The wind was blowing dismally, bringing with it gushes of rain against the window pane. "Just the kind of a night," said the Back Stairs of the Normal Club to the Front Stairs, "for you and me to have a long visit. We will not disturb anyone as the girls are all asleep and we can laugh and talk over their jolly good times."

"I must tell you, Neighbor Front Stairs, about what happened last Sunday evening. I was just tired out and thought sure I could rest for part of the night, but I was sadly disappointed, for I heard footsteps and muffled voices which proved to be those of Helen and Frances. I was sleepy but I knew something was wrong, so in a moment I was alert, and could not help laughing when I heard Frances say to Helen, 'I will stay here while you do the work!'"

"It was certainly dark in the kitchen, and Helen nearly fell over the cracker box. I held my breath for I was anxious to see what little Helen was going to do. I had not long to wait, however, for she soon appeared with two big dishes of sherbet. Of course I thought Helen would be detected, but she arrived safe to Frances and said,

"I just got oodles of it, and could have got some more only I couldn't carry it. I just tink dats the biggest yoke!" "Oh! Helen, I just love you so," said Frances.

"Well, I do declare," said the Front Stairs, "that is funny. Now let me tell you my story. The girls were all crowded in the upper hall waiting for Silvia to come home. It was a happy time for the girls were all busy tying long strings to magazines, apparently preparing to receive Silvia and her Friend. Of course, I did not know what was going to happen, but my sympathies were with the girls. My! how the books did swing back and forth to the door. Catherine was instructed by Margaret to stand at my head to hold one of these strings. For some reason Catherine let loose the string, and the book hit the lower floor with a bang. I could hear Margaret say, 'You mut,' and Catherine answer, 'I am sorry if I caused any disturbance.' Oh well! things went on in this way for some time, but at last the door opened, and I heard Silvia say with a deep sigh, 'I do wish I were homely.' Then I could hear no more.

"The girls were apparently waiting for Silvia's friend to leave. Even I was getting rather anxious when at last I heard him say 'Well! I just simply must go.' The girls were prepared, for as soon as he stepped into the hall the switch was turned off and darkness reigned. Books! dear me! It was over in a few minutes and when I regained my breath all was quiet again.

One night it became so deathly still that you would have thought all the girls were away. However, I found out that they had only gone to bed early as they were expecting to entertain the Lewiston boys the next night. Well, it was about three o'clock when I heard the most unearthly noise, and what do you think it was?

"It was Glowie. She had apparently very frightened, as she said 'They are here, those Lewiston boys, and what do they take us for? They have all got guns!' I could hear Susie say, 'never mind Glow. It will soon be time to get breakfast. Now stop talking in your sleep, for I want to get some rest.'

Well, Old Pal, don't you think it is about time for us to go to bed? We will have to have our rest and, like Maude, I want to get up early in the morning. I can just hear Maude say, 'Helen, may I take your alarm clock? then Vera say, 'Great Caesar's Ghost! Maude, wake me early in the morning, I have to go after those flowers.' 'If you get up early in the morning, I will too,' chimed in Cora."

"Good night, Back Stairs."

"Good Night."



Editorial

It was the night of the Junior Class Meeting. The newly elected Editor-in-Chief and Business Manager, returning to their attic rooms, were met at the head of the stairs by the toddler Freshie, the light of the household.

With the light of great innocence shining in her countenance the child lisped, "I guess you people will grow two feet now just 'cause you are publishing the Year Book."

Poor, Poor little Freshie! Not to know that one must grow more than two feet to edit a Year Book! Not to know that a quadruped couldn't possibly do it, though it is a dog's job, and one has to work like a horse."

At the sight of such divine unsophistication the staff hid its eyes and stole silently away.

"To think," said the Art Editor, "that she will grow away from the childish joys of the Freshman, jog through the weary stages of the Sophomore, and then have the heavy burdens of Juniorhood and Kooltuoism thrust upon her."

"And then to have it cruelly brought home to her," sighed the Business Manager, "that it takes the wisdom of Solomon, the patience of Job, the brass of a door knocker and the sticktoitiveness of "Tangle-foot" to produce a Kooltuo."

"Where ignorance is bliss it is fearful to get wise," quoted the Editor-in-Chief tearfully.

The members of the Staff are greatly indebted to Miss Mabelle Lisle, Miss Edna Peairs and Miss Clara Berg for the pen sketches they have so generously contributed to the Annual, and the Editor wishes to assure them of her hearty appreciation of the work.



The American Boy

"The educational world has not yet taken the interesting view-point that in the activities of the boys are cultivated some of the great fundamental virtues." These words taken from G. Stanley Hall furnish my chief reason for presenting this copy.

If the active, old-fashioned boy, who grew up according to nature, is rapidly disappearing from our midst, then the condition that brought about such a change is lamentable.

Oh where and oh where is the old-fashioned boy.
Has the old-fashioned boy and his old-fashioned ways
Been crowded aside by the Lord Fauntleroy—
The cheap tinselled make-believe, full of alloy,
Without the pure gold of the rollicking joy
Of the old-fashioned boy of the old-fashioned days?"

Scientific child study is being studied now with good results, but only a few years ago this condition was not true. We need not go very far back to find more books published on poultry than on child study. Are not boys of more importance than horses? Why study animal industry and omit boy psychology? "I am certain," says Horace Mann, "I could have done three times as well had I known as much of the laws of health and disease as I know about the stars. I learned all about the movements of the planets, as though they would get off the track if I could not trace their orbits. I broke down in the middle of my second year. What of labor I am able to do now I do on credit instead of capital." The study of the boy is the hope of the age.

In the school the American Boy is very soon considered bad. The neighbors say he's bad, and they have been dodging his snowballs for years. His sister says he's bad. The teacher shakes her head and pronounces her efforts a failure. The parents will say, "He seems to be beyond me." Even the dog of the street will go around the woodshed with a quick bark when the American Boy appears in the distance. He's had some tin can experience. Then what shall I say? Only this; the American Boy must be bad.

You want me to prove it. Go with me into the back yard and there you will see an Indian tent and over it the boy has stretched his mother's carpet, which had been stored in the woodshed for use after house-cleaning, and through the sides of this carpet are cut great holes for windows. Go into the alley and there is a show tent fully equipped. The show has just closed. It is now time for the feeding of the animals.

Two scouts go out under cover of darkness, and with the keenness and sagacity of the native hunter of the primeval forest bring back a basket full of fruit. Perchance, they know where watermelons grow. Trust the boys to secure them.

Go into the house and see the tracks on the polished floors made by his muddy shoes. See the great holes in the kitchen floor where he has been spiking tops. Behold the print of his muddy ball on the walls of the living room. Yes, and from the evidence at hand he has been waltzing on the table and preaching a sermon from the top of the piano. Do you want more proof? Go into the school room, and you will see the American Boy sitting in the front seat, not from choice but from request.

The bashful girl sits in the recitation just in front of him, and when she tries to rise she finds she is tied to the seat. The American Boy is busy with problems. An occasion like this is about the only time he is ever found studying. He has a mouse in his pocket with a little bell tied around its neck, and at the psychological moment it is turned loose. The American Boy is always in the rough and tumble crowd. "Henry," said a worried teacher, "you seem not to appreciate being with respectable people, so you may come and stand by me." Wherever he is there is confusion and tumult. Add to this your own experience with boys, and can we not join in saying "The American Boy is bad."

Yet, in spite of such an array of facts, are we not anxious to call for the feet of the American Boy to run errands for us? Would you not rather hear your praises sung by the lips of the American Boy than from anyone else? That voice, so given to rude jokes, wins your prizes in oratory. Those active muscles can turn out more work than the skilled mechanic. That mind, so given to mischief, will search out the mysteries of the universe, and interpret the music of the solar system. Those hands, so inclined to perpetual motion, will perform a task that will astonish the nation.

"The pen of the author and scholar,
The noble and wise of the land,
The chisel, the sword, and the palette
Shall be held in those little brown hands."

Many of us give the boy credit for little thinking and less of reasoning. The truth is, our boys reason to conclusions earlier than we think. A boy came home from church and was asked to name the text. After thinking awhile he said, "The text was 'Don't be afraid and I'll give you a bed quilt.'" "That isn't in the Bible," said the mother. The child insisted, and after the mother consulted the pastor the text was found to be "Fear not; the comforter will come."

Emmy Lou was in the second grade. She was studying music. The teacher of music said "A is Do." Emmy Lou repeated "A is Do." The teacher said "A is always Do." Emmy Lou repeated the new thought until she knew she could remember it. The music lesson was over, and the spelling class was called. Emmy Lou was head, and the teacher pronounced the word "Adam" and Emmy Lou spelled "Do-d-do-m-, Adam." She was surely thinking and reasoning.

A boy came home from school. He had been taught that to ask a question or call attention to any task performed, he should raise his hand. He took the basket and started to gather the eggs. At the hen house door he stopped, and his mother heard him say, "All you chickens that have laid an egg raise your hands."

The control of the American Boy is by authority as well as by self-direction. "No lickin' no larnin'" may have been a good method away back in Posey County, Indiana, but "Some lickn' some larnin'" is not had pedagogy even yet. It is well to know that often the heavy hand of authority should take hold of both the situation and the boy. Yet there can be no doubt that nine out of ten boys may be controlled from within. Use the foot less and the hand more; use suppression less and helpfulness more. Get acquainted with the boy and the greater half of the battle is over.

But the child soon passes beyond this stage of innocency, and enters the real boy world. This is the period of worry for the parent, because the boy is so silent, while he was once so talkative. He now is initiated into the gang. White's Court of Boyville is so excellent both in presentation and accuracy of portrayal that I must quote from it.

Teachers and parents who have passed the gang period some years ago can realize the impenetrable wall around the town of Boyville. Storm it as you may with light-heartedness, bombard it with heavy guns, load it with fishing hooks, skates, base-balls, tops and marbles, but the wall remains.

Boyville is a free town. Here people mind their own affairs, and it is desired that others do the same. There are no laws, but custom is stronger than all law. If spectacled gentry should come nosing through the streets of Boyville, speaking of the sanitation, which is not of the best, objecting to the constitution and by-laws which were made when the hills were piled up, the boys would consider the intrusion an insult and expel the intruder with snowballs.

The notion that a foreigner could interfere with the superstitions of boys is repulsive to the freeholders in Boyville. Does not the first article in the Constitution expressly state that the snake's tail does not die till the sun goes down; that to make a ring around the marble in the sand charms it from being hit; that to kill a toad makes the cows give bloody milk; that horse hairs in water turn to worms in nine days; that spitting on the bait pleases the fish. What ancient tradition declares is true is the law everlasting, and no wise parent or teacher will disturb it for even a moment.

Such is the condition in the gang, and wise is the teacher or the parent who has given sufficient time to the subject to understand the best way to lead the boy while in the gang, not to remove him from it. The main point, we must remember, is that these laws were made when little Adam touched bottom in the river that run out of Eden, by little Seth, little Enoch, little Noah, by the boys of the elder days who threw mud balls with withes from the tree whereon David hung his harp ten thousand years thereafter. Boyville was an old town when Ninevah was a pioneer post.

Two Irishmen stood looking into the window at some yellow pumpkins. "Mighty big oranges, Pat," said one of the men, to his friend, who had just arrived from Ireland. "Yes," said his friend, "it wouldn't take many of them to make a dozen." As parents and teachers we realize that one boy at this age requires almost a dozen adults to keep him in sight. He makes the teacher earn her salary. He causes no end of trouble in the house. He is worried about more when he is quiet than when he is noisy.

The mother watches her boy leave the home in the morning, and with his cap pulled down over his eyes he starts down the street to meet the crowd. She may ask him where he is going, but she gets a brief answer, if any at all. She cannot believe the thought of the poem which says:

"For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

He used to tell her everything, but now he is silent, and she says with much feeling, "I can't understand it; I do not see how I could have done better by him; but there is something wrong. The hand that rocks the cradle isn't moving the world

in this particular case. His two sisters, both older than he, were so confiding and quiet and he so seclusive at one time and noisy at another." Yes, he is different from the girls, and he should be. We shouldn't expect to develop both under the same process. It may be all right for the girl to be quiet, but it isn't all right if the boy is quiet. "Mary, go upstairs and see what John is doing, and tell him to quit," should be the attitude of the past. Now we are learning that a boy must be active, and we expect him to develop through this same activity.

The boy who sits on the front seat at school and seems to be such a model has the chances against him. One thing is quite sure, he will never set the world afire by his great genius, neither will he go far down into meanness. He may never occupy the felon's cell, but it will be more impossible for him to occupy any position of trust. You need not worry about that pale-faced, inactive boy for he will never be worth much or worthless, but be careful of the American Boy, for he has within him the power to rise to the highest position of honor and trust in the gift of the people, or to go to the lowest cell in the darkest dungeon of iniquity. Watch the active American Boy. He's worth while.



Does Modern Education Foster Morals?

According to a recent report of the warden of our state penitentiary at Walla Walla, out of approximately one thousand convicts, there are twenty-eight college graduates, or one to every thirty-six convicts.

According to the report of the Commissioner of Education of the United States for 1908, there is one college graduate for every three hundred inhabitants. This indicates that, so far as our state is concerned, college education does not diminish crime, but increases it, unless we have more than our share of college convicts.

The important question arises, whether a system of education that increases crime is worth while. What is the aim of education? Does our system carry out that aim? Is it true that college life leads young men into the formation of habits, that they cannot continue after leaving school, without becoming dishonest? If so, should we not have a movement looking to the establishment of a greater simplicity of life in our college settlements? Education ought to diminish crime by increasing the rule of reason.

Sentiment and true emotion are the things that rule the world. Let us place before our pupils Americanism which is embodied in human character so that they may have an ideal and understand what true Americanism is. Unless the child burns with patriotism when he studies the life of our great leaders the end is not accomplished.





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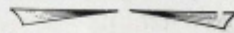
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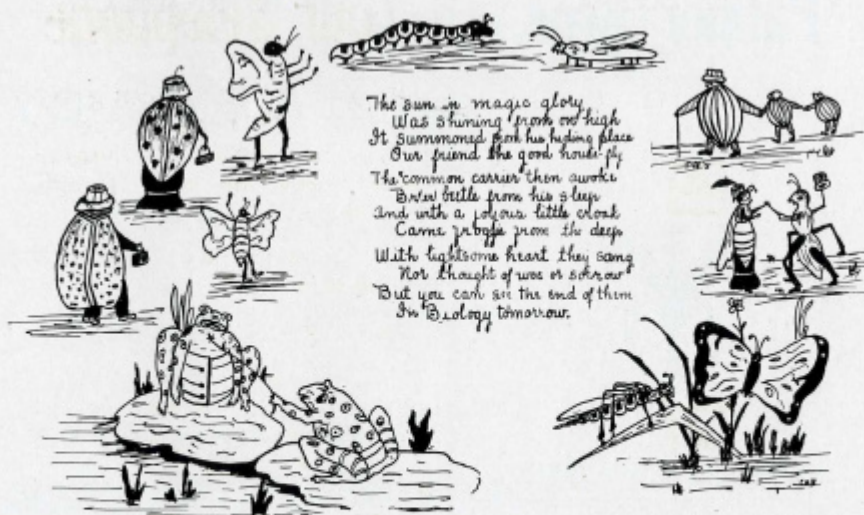
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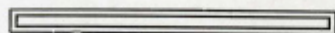
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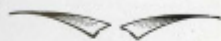
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